Divided from her ſelfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd
Will nothing ſticke our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Save your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry, *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me baſtard,

Cries

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſt unſmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens't: let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be jugled wit
To hell allegeance, vowes to the blackeſt Divell,
Conſcience and grace to the profoundeſt pit,
I dare damnation, to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, Ile husband them ſo well
They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the
Of your deare father, is't writ in your revenge,
That ſoop-ſtake, you will draw both friend and fo
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope m
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,